

Robbery Rewarded, OR, An Account of Five Notorious High-way-men's Exploits :

Viz., JAMES SLAUTER, JOHN WHITE, JOHN WILLIAMS, alias, MATCHET, FRANCIS JACKSON, VVALTER PARKHURST.

The manner of their taking on the 17th. of March last past, one of their Company, Viz. James Sauter being since dead in Newgate, the tryal of the other four at the old assy the 10th. and 11th. of April, they were found Guilty in fifteen several Indictments for Robery and Murther, the persons Kill'd by them, were one Edward Karp of Henden, and Henry Miller of Hamstead, for which facts three of them were sentenced to be hang'd at the common place of Execution, & Jackson to be gibited at Hamb^t.

Tune is, packington's pound.



A Dieu vain delights, and be witch us no more,
Our former ill courses we new do des'ree;
Our Crimes upon Earth hath tereav'd us of hope,
The thread of our lives is spun out in a Noose:

We Rob'd Night and Day,

Upon the High-way,

And spent it on Wine, and on Wenchess & play.
But to this sweet meat sowe sauce must be had,
For the Gallows is stil the reward of the padd.
Peer Colebrook & Windsor our scene we did lay,
Each purse that came there Contribution must pay
we scorn'd to compound with the greet or the small,
For the game y we play'd at, was nam'd have-at-al
With Pistol in hand,

We made them to stand,

A d deliver you Dogs was the word of Com-
But with this sweet meat sowe sauce must be had,
For the Halter attends all the Kts. of the padd.

We made our seives valiant with full flowing flegges,
To Gramm Portmantues, and rarsack the woggens,
Who travel'd in Coaches, if we came in sight,
They presently bid all their menys good-night.

But alas all in vain,

For now we are ta'ne,

And must finish our lives in sorrow and pain,

Destruction still treads on the heels of the bad,
And a Halter attends all the Knights of the padd.

Each sort, and Sex must submit to our Doore,
The Gallants were heax'd the Ladys o're come,

Whose fine tempting Jewels we soon made a prize,
Though never so guarded with languishing eyes,

Rich Cloathz and good Lee,

We made them unease,

And left them behid to complain on the p'ice,
but with such sweet meat sowe sauce must be had,
For the Gallows is still the reward of the padd.

The renowned Du Vall with his Lt. errant fame,
Her eforward shall yield to our gallanter name;

He jilted the people with tricks and with words,

We made them submit to the charms of our swords.

Pet alass to our shame,

Our ends prove the same,

The Hangman and Tyburn our merits proclaim,
Destruction still treads on the heels of the bad, &c.

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Dur work we so plv'd; that in very few dayes,
We resolv'd a good round sum of money to raise,
Wher by being obtained a plot we design'd,
To trip o're the Ocean, where none should us find,

But alas our hard fate,
Has quite alter'd our state,

We find by sad proof now although 'tis too late,
That to our sweet meat sowe sauce must be had,
For the Halter attends all the Knights of the padd.
The Country Alarum'd with what we had done,
They come in each man that could handle a Gun,
With Hounds, & with Fleyls, & with Halberts al rusty
With dead-lying Piers and Cudgels were trusty.

In War, Fianck, and Neer,

They round us appear, fear

Which yet could not cause our bold Spirits to
Destruction thus, &c.

A courageous retreat we resolv'd for to make,
For well we perceiv'd that our lives lay at stake,
And thence we conblude it a nobler thing,
To fall by the Sword then to peep through a string.

We fought all the way,
To Hampstead that day.

And often shifted horses to make the less stay,
but still 'tis in vain, &c.

Two poor men we saw whose deplorable sake,
With grief ful is our souls, & it makes our hearts ake,
With sighs & wi htears we beg mercy of Heaven,
That Cure and all others may quite be forgiven.

Which if we procure,
We will gladly endure,

Our punishment here, and esteem them a Cure:
Though vile we have been, & most shameful our story
True repentance may wast from the Gibit to glory.

Though long we resisted yet wounded full sore,
At l. st we grew faint and could hold out no more,
But straightly confined to Newgate we came,
Where one by his death was released from shame.

The rest on fair Tryal,

Beyond all deryal,

We're clearly convicted & now they must die all.
Thus to our sweet meat, &c.

Thus may our Camp'e to all be a warning,
And serve for e'ch young mans instruction & learning;
Be honest & Just, & rot wast time and leisure,
In Riot, Drunkenness, and wantoning p'leasure:

For see what sad gains,

Ore of us obtains,

His body it must be consumed in Chairs.

Destruction still treads on the heels, &c.

Priated for P. Brook-by in VVest-smith-field.